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THE

# Commonweal

## *China-Soviet Conflict?*
by Michael Harrington

## France's Film Renascence
by Maryvonne Butcher

## Lutherans in Denmark
by Bonaventure M. Schepers

*AN UNGLAMOROUS ENTERPRISE* . . . . . by William Dunlea
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**International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union**

David Dubinsky, President

**MEMO TO: Edward S. Skillin, Editor, The Commonweal**

**FROM: Gus Tyler, Director, ILGWU Training Institute**

**Subject: A CAREER WITH A CHALLENGE.**

Your readers, especially those under the age of 35, have been a source of talent, inspiration and raw material for us during the last few years. Each year, we have heard from your readers in response to our appeal for dedicated young men and women to work in the labor movement.

We are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, and we are therefore renewing our invitation to a career that others—in this decade—have found a rewarding way of life.

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To these, we open the doors of the Institute. Write before April 15: ILGWU Training Institute, 1710 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

# THIS WEEK

Week by Week 407

China-Soviet Conflict?
*by Michael Harrington* 411

France's Film Renascence
*by Maryvonne Butcher* 414

Lutherans in Denmark
*by Bonaventure M. Schepers* 417

Three Poems 419

Federal Intellectual Life
*by Philip Burnham* 420

The Screen
*by Philip T. Hartung* 421

The Stage
*by Richard Hayes* 421

Of Note: God in the World Today
*by Mary Perkins Ryan* 422

Books 424

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THE
# Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## week by week

### MR. ROCKEFELLER WITHDRAWS

WHEN NELSON Rockefeller announced that he would not seek the nomination for the Presidency, he stated clearly and definitely the reasons for his decision. On the assumption, however, that no political statement is to be accepted at face value, professional and amateur political analysts offered their opinions on the "real" reasons behind the decision. It is a sign of the very real confusion of the political scene today that the opinions and attendant reactions were so diverse, so conflicting.

The Old Guard stalwarts of the Republican Party expressed satisfaction that Mr. Rockefeller realized and acknowledged what they had originally told him: the Party wanted Nixon. Other Republicans, less committed to things as they are, regretted that even the semblance of debate, discussion and choice now seemed to be precluded. It appeared too much as if Rockefeller had been foolishly squeezed out.

These "liberal" Republicans, on whom Rockefeller exerted strong appeal, were joined in their laments by many Democrats. Some Democrats, of course, saw a massive conflict between the two divisions of the Republican Party as a good thing, for the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration could not then have escaped criticism from Republican spokesmen, and they regretted that this, apparently, was not to be. Others, either less partisan or more pessimistic, thought a Republican victory only too probable and honestly preferred the Governor of New York to the Vice President.

Yet other Democrats were pleased that Rockefeller had dropped out. It was, they thought, still a wide open battle, with much in favor of a Democratic victory. Believing in the slogan "Know your enemy," they could now adjust their sights on a single man, and a man with an exposed political history. And while the phrase "Nixon can't win" no longer seemed so telling, Richard Nixon, heir to the Eisenhower Administration, seemed to them less formidable than the independent, attractive, "liberal" Rockefeller.

Mr. Nixon himself expressed pleased surprise appropriate to the occasion, but only commented discreetly: "My plans have always been made independently of what other people might say or do."

WHATEVER THE reasons for Rockefeller's decision—that the opposition of the Party regulars was too great; that he was unable or unwilling to state great issues; that he proved incapable of criticizing the man he would have to oppose; that he thought even a personal victory would be bought at too great a price for the Republican Party; that he intends to save himself for later campaigns—whether it was mainly one of those reasons or a combination of several, the great political fact is his withdrawal. Barring the unforeseen, Richard Nixon will be the standard-bearer for the Republican Party. He will be able to shape his campaign to his own desires and wishes. And unless disillusion, or worse, follows upon Mr. Eisenhower's present policies, the slogan of "Peace and Prosperity" may serve him well. Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Nixon's campaign, it will probably not be in terms of inefficiency, uncertainty, or lack of determination.

There is, however, not only uncertainty but confusion in many of the statements that have already come from those with Democratic sympathies. With Mr. Nixon as the virtually assured opposition, the coming campaign stands every chance of being partisan and bitter. Already it seems to be shaping up in terms not of great national issues but in terms of Mr. Nixon's moral character. Assured-



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ly the two will have some connection if Mr. Nixon is elected President, and a voter should have some idea of the character of his candidate. And, in this context, Mr. Nixon's political career, as that of any candidate, is essential to any reasonable estimate of him as a leader.

But it is discouraging to see the entire Republican program already summed up in terms of whether Mr. Nixon is more or less "conservative" than either the Democrats or the Republicans think, of whether he has indeed moved to the "left" in recent years, of whether he has indeed grown not only older but wiser than he was when he gave his "Checkers speech." This is, however, the direction of much of the criticism directed against Mr. Nixon as Presidential candidate. Unless the Democrats, as they approach their own national convention, emerge with some new and positive policies dealing with such issues as disarmament, NATO, a divided Europe, Communist China, civil rights—unless they develop such policies instead of berating Richard Nixon, their campaign will be partisan, probably bitter, but certainly uninspiriting.

## FRATERNITIES FOR NEGROES?

THE PROBLEMS of Negro fraternities for college students are not the most crucial of the nation's integration difficulties, perhaps, but they do indicate the seriousness and complexity of the color division in our national life. Speaking in New York at a convention of Omega Psi Phi, a Negro fraternity with chapters in forty-four states and Liberia, Assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts Herbert E. Tucker, Jr. represented Negro fraternities as having reached a crossroads in regard to their own integration policies.

The major Negro fraternities, Mr. Tucker said, have only "token white membership," and this condition provides schools with arguments against granting charters to such groups. College and university administrations point out that their schools already have many fraternities, that these fraternities are not segregated and that therefore there is no need for additional such groups. What the Negro fraternities should do about this, in Mr. Tucker's view, is to attract more white students.

We would not presume to advise these Negro fraternities, and it may be that Mr. Tucker's counsel is practically wise, but it seems clear that the Negro fraternity is in the dilemma inevitably faced by such special-purpose organizations. When a racial, religious or national minority is excluded from the society's general cultural groups, the members of the excluded minority naturally set up their own parallel organizations. This is often necessary and desirable, but the ambiguous consequence of this action is often a hardening and perpetuation of the discriminatory pattern which produced the minority organization in the first place. Logically, the more successful the special-purpose organization is, the less reason there will be for it to exist at all, and this is the problem now being raised in regard to the Negro fraternities. On the one hand, complete integration in college life is still a long, long distance away, and this condition prompts the desire for organizations like the Negro fraternities. On the other hand, integration is proceeding, albeit slowly, in every area of educational life, and this fact suggests the superfluousness—perhaps even harmfulness—of these Negro organizations.

For Negro fraternities to attract significant numbers of white students, as Attorney General Tucker has suggested, would mean that they would no longer be "Negro" fraternities. They would be, then, distinguished from the older, traditional fraternities only by their size and youth. This development is now, of course, still only an ideal, but it underscores the ironic, inescapable function of all such groups: to help bring about the conditions which will make their own existence unnecessary.

## POPE JOHN'S MESSAGE

FOR HIS SECOND annual Christmas Message John XXIII discussed the requisites for peace in the world within a framework made familiar by his immediate predecessor, who devoted such searching attention to the conditions for peace. Indeed, Pope John referred expressly to Pius XII's Christmas Messages of 1942 and 1943 on the need for safeguarding fundamental human rights and dignities.

The present Pope addressed himself to the subject of peace under three aspects: the interior peace of the human heart; social peace based on mutual respect; international peace proceeding from truth and justice. As obstacles to true peace, as "causes which disturb international order," Pope John cited the following: "The violation of the rights and dignity of the human person and the overruling of those of the family and of labor; the overthrow of the juridical order and the healthy idea of the State in keeping with the Christian spirit; the



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wounding of liberty, of the integrity and security of other nations, to whatever extent; the systematic suppression of the cultural and linguistic characteristics of national minorities; the egoistical calculations of all who strive to seize control of the economic sources and the materials of common use, to the detriment of other peoples; and in particular, the persecution of religion and of the Church."

In concluding, Pope John declared that "it is not possible to imagine a higher and more precious perfection than that of Christian peace, which is the peace of hearts, peace in the social order, in life, in prosperity, in mutual respect, in the brotherhood of all nations."

## THE VOYAGER HOME

NO MAN could travel as many miles as the President recently did, and see and be seen by as many millions of people, without being seriously affected. That this has happened to President Eisenhower was evident in his report to the nation on Christmas Eve. It is one thing to read statistical reports of need in countries like India; it is quite another to see the face of poverty with one's own eyes, as the President managed to do despite the official trappings of his reception.

On his trip, the President said, he was most impressed by these things: the people's feeling of friendship for America, their fervent hope for betterment for themselves and their children, and their deep-seated hunger for peace. In keeping with these three facts, the President called on the non-Communist world to join in a dependable, long-term program of aid for the people of the underdeveloped areas who urgently need help. Noting that money alone cannot solve all problems, Mr. Eisenhower nevertheless stressed that America's own best interests and our own hope for peace dictate that we continue our program of aid and that we persuade other free nations to join in long-range efforts to build a material basis for peace and freedom in the underdeveloped areas.

Before he left on his trip, President Eisenhower is reported to have settled an inter-agency dispute over the amount the Administration would ask Congress for foreign aid in the 1961 fiscal year, starting next July 1. The figure he chose was $4,100,000,000, with two billion earmarked for military aid and the slightly larger sum for economic assistance. This policy decision by the President represented a victory for the State and Defense departments over the Treasury and the Bureau of the Budget, both of which wanted a lower figure. Heartening as this decision was, however, it was not absolutely final; how much will actually be appropriated will depend to a very great degree on the vigor with which the Administration fights for the amount it formally requests from Congress.

It was because of this fact that the President's initial remarks after his return from abroad were so heartening. The nations of Western Europe, whose post-Marshall Plan recovery has been phenomenal, seem at least on principle to be accepting the idea that they too must do more for the underdeveloped nations; they now wait only for effective leadership by the United States. Such a concerted effort to raise the standard of living in the have-not nations, made in the name of world peace and social justice by the United States, Canada, Japan and the nations of Western Europe, could have consequences far beyond the successes of the Marshall Plan; indeed, it would be hard to overstate the historic importance of such a joint project. If the President's travels have encouraged him to make a real fight for such a cooperative effort, this result alone would more than justify his world travels.

## THE CONGO'S PLIGHT

IN THESE columns last week we alluded to the rush toward independence in Africa and the way the easy access to membership of so many new nations was changing the balance of power in the U.N. Since then a series of disturbances in the Belgian Congo has pointed up some of the internal difficulties involved in colonial liberation. These are severe enough to show that it is not merely a question of the European colonizers' unwillingness to let go.

Many of these difficulties are undoubtedly of the empire-builders' making. They stem from disruptions of various territorial, economic and tribal relationships that had achieved a certain stability which, to be sure, was not without its own important imperfections. Results of the colonizers' primarily self-centered and shortsighted policies in setting boundaries, bringing in workers and the like are now tragically manifest in the Belgian Congo—and, ironically, at the very moment when several nationalist groups there are clamoring for immediate independence.

For example, fierce Lulua tribesmen are attacking the more gentle and prosperous Balubas, whom the Belgians have trained and educated; the Balu-



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bas support the nationalists, while the more primitive Luluas claim that in an independent Congo they would be subject to this tribe that once served them as slaves. Belgian authorities have found appalling evidence that over two hundred members of the neutral Bushongo tribe have been murdered recently by mass poisoning of a ritualistic character. In another bitter tribal conflict the physically imposing Watusis, some of whom found temporary refuge in Uganda, are embroiled with the Bahutus, who were formerly their servants.

Violence appears to be on every hand. As far as numbers go, order depends on Belgian-trained native Congolese troops. Belgian colonial personnel and their families now live in constant dread. Mob violence against "symbols" of European domination has not spared hardy Christian missioners who have been devoting their lives to their adopted flocks. And savage intertribal warfare is mounting in intensity. Such are the fruits, in the present-day context, of what was long considered one of the most successful European colonial policies.

The Belgians would appear to face a desperate choice. Their most responsible course would encompass gradual, but certain, complete political emancipation. But what feasible way is open that will permit them to hang on long enough to cooperate on the foundations in the face of the Africans' haste to be freed?

## OUI ET NON

ON JANUARY 8, 1959, Charles de Gaulle became the first President of the Fifth Republic of France. At that time it was pointed out here and elsewhere that the advantages to France and the world of the new Constitution were real and important, but that they were linked inevitably with certain real and important drawbacks. Looking at the events of the past year, all observers would agree that the new France under de Gaulle has fulfilled all expectations. The Fifth Republic has brought order, stability, confidence and national esteem to a country sorely plagued by the absence of all four. It has also brought a degree of authoritarianism, state control and a nationalistic fervor which have been and will be dangerous for France and the international community. The prophets have been right thus far, and the predictions for the next year, as we add them up, see France under de Gaulle involved in more rather than less of the practices already so unsettling to her allies.

## DISARMAMENT PROPOSALS

THE RECENT remarks of Thomas E. Murray, a former Atomic Energy Commissioner, have a particular relevance at this moment. Disarmament is one of the great issues of our time and it is certain to be one of the issues discussed and negotiated by the great powers in the months to come. With the hope of achieving a disarmament policy that will be more orderly and more directed than America's armament policy has been, Mr. Murray set forth a brief but relatively detailed program for an international disarmament system.

The heart of Mr. Murray's proposal is the suggestion that, over a period of several years and under the supervision of an international agency, the United States and Russia destroy on a weapon-to-weapon basis their megaton hydrogen bombs. These weapons, Mr. Murray contends, poison the political atmosphere by their threat of annihilation. To destroy them is not to destroy our power to wage politically and militarily successful war. It is to destroy only those weapons which frighten but which would yield, in warfare, total destruction.

The advantages of this proposal are many, according to Mr. Murray. It would, for instance, have a better chance of acceptance than would any other program previously submitted, including Mr. Khrushchev's sweeping disarmament proposal. It would also, contrary to past practice, put our technology in the service of our military, and the military in the service of our political ends.

To say that our forces would be weakened is to mistake the use of politically disastrous, militarily useless and morally questionable weapons for weapons which can be integrated into a military force subject to rationally shaped political ends. That Russia might not participate "honestly" in the program is true; this is the irreducible risk one must face in order to dissipate the larger risk which threatens the countries of the world today. But it is no more a risk than present disarmament proposals. And the Soviet Union, it must be remembered, could not at once agree to dismantle its hydrogen weapons and continue to use them as threats.

We have not, as a nation, solved the problem of maintaining a military force that is at once capable of opposing all aggressors without endangering all that we strive to uphold and wish to preserve. What we have not been able to achieve in our armament policy we may, given time, achieve through a sound disarmament policy. Given the urgency of the problem we cannot neglect those proposals that are at once sensible, informed and concrete.



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# China-Soviet Conflict?

*Real differences undoubtedly exist. The question is: how serious are they in the over-all picture?*

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

FROM THE offices of de Gaulle in Paris to the Time-Life Building in New York, there has been much talk recently of a conflict between China and Russia. Speculation has gone so far as to suggest a fundamental split: the optimist, the current political joke has it, is learning Russian; the pessimist, Chinese. Other comments have been less sweeping, yet there is a buzz of conversation about antagonisms, slights and frictions between Moscow and Peking.

Some of these imaginings are the product of the Yellow Peril psychology. In the old, overtly racist image, the Chinese were a threat by sheer force of numbers and poverty. In the new situation, the same fear persists, only now in the form of a conviction that Chinese Communism will be even more dynamic than Russian. Indeed, more than a few anti-Communists in the West accepted the claims of China's "Great Leap Forward" uncritically in order to awaken people to the menace in the East. When the revisions of the Eighth Plenum of the Chinese Communist Party were published (the "Great Leap Backward," as one political wag dubbed it), some of these analysts were as embarrassed as Mao and his friends.

Another basis for this discussion is the hope for some kind of anti-Communist deus ex machina. Since American policy has done little to inhibit the spread of Communism, salvation is looked for within the camp of the enemy itself. A knock-down, drag-out battle between Moscow and Peking would, in this perspective, cancel out the double threat and give the West the easy task of picking up the pieces.

And yet there is some basis in fact for all of this speculation. Though our information is extremely limited—by Peking, for its totalitarian purposes, and by Washington, because of the extraordinary problems attendant on giving support to Chiang—there is some data. Admittedly, a judgment on the situation at this point cannot claim to be purely empirical. It must rely to a considerable extent on an analysis of the general tendencies of Russia and China in the world today. But given all of these limitations, a fundamental point of view can be stated: that a basic split between Russia and China is highly improbable; that continuing friction is highly probable; and that both of these insights derive from an understanding of China and Russia as essentially similar societies but at different levels of historical development.

FIRST, what is the meager ration of fact? Unquestionably, there has been friction. When Khrushchev told Senator Humphrey of his contempt for the commune development, the original report had the ring of truth, the denial did not. Similar hesitations and criticisms of the communes were voiced by other leading Russian figures. The various slights to Khrushchev which have been described in the stories on his Peking visit (a high Communist functionary dozing during the Russian leader's speech; Mao's ritualistic but chilly farewell) also fit into this picture.

The Chinese, after all, claimed at first that their commune system was initiating the transition to Communism. In the Communist vocabulary, this was a claim that China had reached a higher stage of development (the transition to Communism) than Russia (which is officially defined as having achieved "socialism" and moving toward Communism). As the world discovered some years back when Molotov recanted a similar semantic slip, these verbal niceties are the cover for real conflict.

This ideological difference was smoothed over by Chou En-lai in his January, 1959 speech to the Twenty-first Congress of the Russian Communist Party. In his greeting to the Congress, Chou stated, "We are now confident that we can speed up the development of socialist construction; we intend to build China into a socialist country with a highly developed modern

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industry, agriculture and science and culture in fifteen or twenty years or a bit longer." This amounted to quite a come-down from the previous claims. It apparently followed upon the discovery in Peking that the whole commune tactic, and particularly the village industry plan, was running into serious trouble.

The climax of the Chinese Communist retreat came in August, 1959 with the Eighth Plenum of the Central Committee. It was at that time that the revisions in production figures were announced, and the incredible admission was made that all of those blast furnaces had come to naught. In a sense, this removed at least one point of antagonism between Russia and China, for the ideological difference no longer existed. Yet it is hard to believe that the friction which had been generated simply ceased at this time. This is particularly true because the Chinese Communist reaction to the failure was not a turn to the "right" (that is, in the direction of concessions), but rather a call for even more rigor and redoubled efforts.

In this context, the recent changes in Chinese Communism must be assessed with great care. In effect, the August, 1958 resolution restored the structure of ownership to its pre-commune form (the basic unit of work and participation is now the "production brigade," the equivalent of the old "cooperative of a higher type"). But at the same time, the continued campaign against the "rightists" gave indication that the Party itself was in something of a crisis. The main point of attack was now directed against Communist cadres themselves, and there were even hints that the enemy had infiltrated into the top leadership. This opens up the possibility of a purge period in China similar to the one which took place in Russia in the thirties. And it also means that the antagonism which developed between the Chinese and the Russians over the communes has not disappeared, but only awaits another outburst.

Other factors were also involved. It is a semi-public fact that the Chinese have intervened on the question of summit meetings at least twice (once in 1958 when the summit was called off; and now, with various new statements which go against the "Camp David spirit"). Also, there have been many reports, several of them from the usually reliable Polish Communists, that the Chinese fear another rapprochement with Yugoslavia on the part of the Kremlin. Certainly, the anti-Titoist efforts of Peking have far outstripped anything said in recent days in Moscow.

THESE are some of the facts. They point to the fact of friction. The question they pose, which cannot be answered empirically but which requires a more general analysis of the situation, is: what are the limits of this antagonism?

Russia and China are, structurally speaking, the same kind of society in a world polarized by a struggle between their form of social existence and that of the West. This is the basis of their community, a limit upon antagonism between them which makes any basic split improbable. Yet the fact that Russia and China are at different stages of development in the same social structure is the basis of continuing, but not fundamental, antagonism.

Take the second part of this analysis first. Chinese Communism is embarking upon its "heroic" period in the task of building totalitarian, bureaucratic collectivism. In some ways, Mao has advantages as against the Stalin of 1929. The Chinese Communist victory was not followed by foreign intervention, civil war and the decimation of the old Communist cadre (these events were the basis of Stalin's counter-revolution in Russia). In 1949, when the regime took power, it had the support of the majority of the Chinese people, or at least of the political activists. And in areas where the emotions of nationalism run high, the Communists were seen as the victors over foreign imperialism.

However, these advantages are as nothing compared to the gargantuan task confronting the Chinese Communists. At the beginning of its totalitarian revolution China was at an industrial level one-fourth that of Russia in 1929. It was, and is, plagued by a surge in population which is expected to bring the nation to a billion people within the next two or three decades. Even with all the instruments of a totalitarian state, forced industrialization—under such circumstances—is problematic.

At such a time, Stalin's classic thesis that the "class struggle grows more violent after the victory of socialism" is on the order of the day. Translated out of the jargon, this means that the resistance which the policy of forced collectivization and industrialization provokes requires an intensification of terror and internal discipline. Translated back into Peking semantics, this means that the major danger is that of the "right opportunists." And given the fact that the distance which the Chinese Communists must travel is greater than that traversed by Stalin, the tendencies are toward convulsions even more violent than those of the Russian nineteen thirties.

The Kremlin, on the other hand, officially repudiated Stalin's thesis at the Twentieth Party Congress. This does not, of course, mean that the Russian bureaucrats are about to democratize their society (to do so would mean an end of bureaucratic privilege; it would be the suicide of a ruling class). But it does point to "mature" totalitarianism which uses concessions for the double purpose of providing some security for the bureaucrat and of winning some support from the population. The stories of the horror of the Russian Communist students when their Chinese counterparts



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marched in lock-step at a resort beach has the air of authenticity.

MANY FACTORS tend to push the Russian rulers toward stabilization, a breathing space, an imperialist division of the world. Such a line harmonizes with the internal changes in their bureaucratic collectivist society. The Chinese are in a different position. Concentrating upon domestic construction, they probably do not want a world war, but they require a menacing enemy as one more justification for their terror. In this they have a certain community with the Russians, but they cannot possibly accept the Russian tone; their emphasis must be much more aggressive and militant. Thus the Chinese hesitations about the summit; thus the vigor of the campaign against Yugoslavian "revisionism."

To all of this must be added the element of nationalism. The Chinese and the Titoists are the only two Communist movements outside of Russia which won power on their own. (If we can believe some reports on Stalin's attitude toward China in 1945, the Chinese Communists succeeded against the wishes of the Kremlin.) In addition, the Chinese Communists participate in the wave of nationalism which has engulfed all of Asia in the recent past. These factors must make the Maoists quite wary of negotiations from which they are excluded. They can remember, after all, that Ho and the Indochinese Communists were sold out at Geneva in 1954, sacrificed to the interests of Russian policy.

There are, then, very real differences between China and Russia, differences which contain the seeds of serious political antagonism. But there is a limit on this conflict: these are similar societies which consider the rest of the world as hostile. And the Chinese need the Russians. The level of Soviet technical planning may not be high (the evidence that it is not is abundant, but that is another subject), yet it is a Himalaya compared to the Chinese. The Maoists require Russian machines, but they require Russian technique even more so. To push antagonism to the splitting point at this stage in history would be to endanger the fundamental aim of Chinese Communist policy, the line of forced industrialization. It is conceivable, of course, that the Chinese would embark on such an irrational line of conduct, but I cannot believe that it is probable.

If the Chinese were to split with the Russians, to whom could they turn? American policy in the past decade has been calculated to make any alternative utopian. The United States, in this sense, has played a role (and it should neither be exaggerated nor denied) as the architect of unity between Moscow and Peking. There is no possible source of aid and technicians outside of Russia, and this grim fact is one which must work against any basic split among the two Communist giants.

The Titoist experience might be cited in opposition to this analysis. The Yugoslavs did split and, ultimately, they found a source of aid in the United States. But China is not a Balkan power with a certain level of industrial machinery and culture. (And there was no Yugoslav Chiang.) Tito could find a perch between the blocs, turning first to one and then to another. But a parting of the ways between China and Russia would not find its resolution in the interstices of the world conflict. It would be basic, fundamental and probably irrevocable.

IN SHORT, both China and Russia are pushed toward each other because of the very character of the cold war. At any given moment today, what these two powers have in common as against the non- and anti-Communist world is infinitely greater than what divides them.

As noted before, at least one component in this discussion is the desperate American hope for a deus ex machina, a miraculous solution to the problems which United States policy has so singularly failed to face. Communism is the first historical form which totalitarian, bureaucratic collectivism has taken in the world. But it is not the only form, and the social realities which it expresses will persist even if, by some inconceivable miracle, the power of the Kremlin and of Peking would disappear tomorrow morning. To understand this is to place the debate over China and Russia in a new context, one which concentrates on the need for new alternatives in a polarized world.

Chinese totalitarianism is not simply the work of evil individuals in Peking. It is the inevitable and inexorable result of the decision to follow a line of forced industrialization. Once such a policy is laid down, there are only two avenues to its realization. Either capital is accumulated through aid from advanced nations and there is a possibility of a democratic and humane transition to a modern industrial society; or capital is extracted from the people of the underdeveloped nation in question, and this requires a gigantic apparatus of terror, repression and coercion which ultimately brings into being a new, totalitarian form of privilege. In 1949, when the Communists took power, the first alternative was not a political reality. And a nation of six hundred million went down the path to totalitarian terror.

It is probably too late to do anything about China right now, at least directly. The Communists in Peking are historically wedded to the Communists in Moscow, and their union, with all of its frictions, is likely to be a fact for a long time to come. It is possible to talk about what might have been if there had been a real alternative in the post-war period instead of the cor-



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rupt, inefficient and incompetent regime of Chiang Kai-Shek, but such speculation will not alter the present plight of the Chinese millions.

It would, of course, make great sense to change the American China policy now. It is doubtful that this would promote a split between Mao and Khrushchev, but at least it would be a significant step which would have a great deal of meaning to people throughout Asia. This is true with regard to Communist China's admission to the United Nations, with regard to opening up avenues of information in China, and so on. But the most important thing involved is to begin to develop a policy which will make new Chinas improbable. Today one can debate the question, "Who lost China?" Tomorrow, if the present drift continues, the issue will be somewhat broader: "Who lost Asia and Africa to totalitarianism?"

India, for example, is moving toward a crossroad. It is currently investing around seven per cent of the Gross National Product in construction (the Chinese Communist figure is over twenty per cent). That, by almost every system of calculation, is not enough to keep pace with the expanding population and to raise the standard of living. So far a variety of historical factors have muted the appeal of totalitarian collectivism in India, but these will not survive another decade or two of failure. If the United States desires that India shall not become a China, it would be well to stop hoping for a Moscow-Peking split and to turn to the serious task of developing a real alternative for Indian industrialization.

The historic question is whether or not America can find it within herself to make a serious, costly commitment to democratic social revolutions in the ex-colonial world. As long as policy is dominated by the forces and interests of the domestic status quo, this change will not take place.

The difficult question posed by the new power of Communist China is not whether it will split with Russia. That can be answered with some ease. The difficult question is whether American policy will continue to create the conditions for new, Mao-like conquests of power in the area of the colonial revolution by failing to provide a democratic alternative for industrialization and a new life. How this question is answered will affect the fate of mankind for a century at the very least. It will not be solved by a god from the machine, by the Communist giants canceling out their power in a fratricidal struggle. It will be answered by a change in this country, or not at all.

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**"THE NEW WAVE"**

# France's Film Renascence

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

WHEN IT comes to comparisons, films have a great advantage over the theater. We can't be sure that the Hamlet we saw when we were twenty was really the best we may ever hope to see; it may just have been that it was precisely the right performance for us at that moment, and that now we should find it flamboyant and exaggerated. But when it comes to films, it is quite a different matter. A little enterprise, a deal of pertinacity and some luck can, in the end, track down a showing of almost any picture one wants to see again, and the film remains in its pristine state however much one's own standards may have changed.

So that when the seasoned film-goer states categorically and possibly a trifle dogmatically that the output of the French cinema in the thirties made this one of the golden ages of the movies, the statement can be respectably supported by reference to titles like "Pépé le Moko," "Le Jour se Lève" and "La Grande Illusion," films not only remembered with a first excitement and enthusiasm but seen again with the more critical standards of second and third viewings a few years or even months ago. Realistic, subtle and intelligent, using their medium to the full and exposing all techniques then available, these films stand the test of time uncommonly well.

On the basis of this past achievement, it was all the more lowering, therefore, to find that as the fifties progressed the quality of French cinema was going steadily down. With only one or two notable exceptions, such as Bresson, French directors seemed tired, dogged by an almost pathological lack of originality and energy, content to turn out picture after picture according to a routine that had never really been distinguished in the first place. Furthermore, some of the directors escaped this fatigue, like Clouzot,

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Dassin and Joannon, produced pictures of vitality, certainly, like "The Wages of Fear" or Joannon's "Le Défroqué," but they were pictures whose drive seemed in some kind of way impure; relying on an extravagance of emotion and a tension that came nearer to febrility than to vigor.

Add to this the curse of co-production, which seeped more and more widely into the French industry and which, so it seems to me, almost invariably (and not only in France) turns out pictures aimed at so international an appeal that they lose almost all the real bite of individuality. The disappointment verging on hopelessness that overcame the friendly critic of French films can well be appreciated. Some of the films, it is true, were as good as ever—Bresson's "Country Priest" and "Condemned Man" are masterpieces by any standards—but there were too few of them. The result of all this was that the future hopes of the cinema seemed to lie first with Italy, then with Japan, the best of American production continuing, as ever, as good as anything made anywhere.

ONE THING about the French cinema, however, had never lost its cutting edge, and that was its criticism. The volume and quality of writing in French on all aspects of the cinema makes that from most other countries look like the outpourings of adolescents. Men like the late André Bazin or the young Chartier, the studies in *Les Cahiers du Cinéma,* the host of books written often by immensely intelligent and erudite priests—it is astonishing and encouraging how much of this excellent stuff is by Catholics—all this mass of writing was fully alive to the rot that had so beset the home industry. And it is not too much to say that it is from among these critics, and some of the youngest of them too, that the recovery has set in.

Already, eighteen months ago or more, there were emerging films which showed an altogether new attack. At Cannes in 1957, for example, Marcel Camus showed his "Mort en Fraude" which, though it gained no prize, was highly praised and largely because of its new approach. This film about Viet-nam, shot on location, probes into the underlying problems of the conflict between races and ideologies. Then, less than a year after, came young Louis Malle with "L'Ascenseur pour l'Echafaud," again made with the minimum of equipment and consequently of money, to a modern jazz background that was a triumph in itself. Finally, the very young Claude Chabrol, one of the more mordant of the critics, came up with "Le Beau Serge" and *la nouvelle vague* had well and truly set towards the shore.

With the French entry at the 1959 Cannes Festival and the films shown later in the year at Berlin and Venice the movement had so clearly consolidated itself into something more than a flash in the pan that the award of some kind of label was almost inevitable, and *la nouvelle vague* does very well. The term is more comprehensive than the British "angry young men," and moreover it lends itself to agreeable paraphrases such *la nouvelle blague* from those who do not care to enroll themselves as fans. At Cannes, then, were shown Camus' "Orfeu Négro," which won the prize in spite of being, many thought, the weakest of the selection. François Truffaut (another critic) presented his "Les Quatre Cents Coups" and Alain Resnais showed, *hors competition* and with a truly atomic effect, his "Hiroshima, mon amour." At Berlin Chabrol's second film, "Les Cousins," won the main prize; in Venice France entered his third, "A Double Tour," which was disappointing as a film but quite dazzling in its execution and acting. One could almost say of it, reversing Shakespeare, that performance outran desire, for the structure of the picture was hardly equal to the weight and quality of the techniques employed both in the camera-work and the acting. With Louis Malle's second, more ambiguous, film "Les Amants" (shown abroad with severe cuts) and Franju's "La Tête contre les Murs" it can fairly be said, I think, that these films of the new movement do represent, if not a revolution, then at least a quite new ferment in the French cinema.

THE PROPERTIES shared by these new directors and their work are, first, youth: most of these are very young men by the standards of today's production anywhere, and Camus, the eldest, is new to direction. This means that they have a courage that occasionally verges on recklessness, which gives a wonderful exhiliration to the audience. To see films which have actually been made out of an *excess* of energy, rather than pictures laboriously manipulating a paucity of ideas, is like coming to the end of a deadening heat wave.

Secondly, they none of them have very much money and, since they lack reverence for the establishment, as is the habit of young men, they are not in a position to command or guarantee the backers of large sums. This naturally hampers them in some ways, but in others it has proved of inestimable benefit. They cannot afford to hire studios and complicated equipment, so they have been forced out on location—in the streets of Paris, the countryside of France, to small properties lent by friends over which they could exercise exclusive control for short periods, and so on. This has liberated their work to an amazing extent not only from the rigidity and heaviness of the studio set but also from studio conventions and controls, so that they have a fluidity and speed which make one marvel. In Truffaut's "Les Quatre Cents Coups," for instance, almost the whole film is shot out of the studio, and in contrast the claustrophobic quality of the indoor scenes,



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the school, the cluttered little apartment, the deserted office at lunchtime, gain enormously from the contrast. And I cannot believe that the brilliant final sequence, one of extreme technical daring, could have been better established by a director with twice the money; Truffaut's very handicaps have been the forcing house of his genius here. This film, in which the whole tragedy lies in the child's vulnerability to the hostility, thoughtlessness, selfishness of the adult world in which he has to live his life, is twice the work of art it might has been because, quite simply, the things that surround him are *real*.

"The cinema," said Truffaut once, "is a vocation, not a trade." This feeling—that they are doing what they love, doing it as well as they can, embarking on it with that seriousness that is the hallmark of the craftsman, who puts the whole of himself into what he is doing precisely because for him it is the most important thing in the world—is another dominant characteristic of these young men. By reason of their rejection of, and by, the conventional machinery of the film industry, they have been able to preserve a very wide liberty—Truffaut went so far as to call it "total liberty"—in their choice of subjects and in the manner in which they treat them.

Chabrol's "Cousins," for example, reduced to its bare bones, amounts to a familiar conflict of outlook between country boy and city cousin, the despair of youth, its sham sophistication and very real tragedy. This seems not very remarkable, but I do not think I have seen a film which so much gave the impression of being made from the inside of the characters as does "Les Cousins." For once we are forced to take more interest in the eroded bulk of the iceberg under water than in the superstructure that offers itself so easily for our inspection.

In the same way, in "A Double Tour," the story of disaster in a well-to-do family in the South of France is almost melodramatic, but it is given an altogether surprising flavor through the catalytic role of the extraordinary anarchic character Laszlo, played by J. P. Belmondo, an ugly young actor of formidable power. Since the camera moves in a quite breath-taking way, and the deployment of color takes on something equivalent to the weight of another character, it can be appreciated that however conventional the plot, this is not a conventional film. Chabrol has said that he and his friends are all people who passionately want to express something, and for them the cinema seems to be the best way of communicating what they want to say. Of how many routine pictures made by established studio-teams today could one say so much?

IT is interesting, however, that the film that one eminent French critic said was ten years ahead of its time, the film that is perhaps the most provocative and original in subject, scope and technique of all the "new wave" productions, has been made not by one of the very young men but by Alain Resnais, who is thirty-seven. "Hiroshima, mon amour" is a picture which provokes violent reactions. It is a picture which either casts a spell or arouses something in the nature of an allergic reaction. I will admit right away that I was spellbound, and as the only way in which I could see the film in Venice, so full was the house, was by sitting for two hours on a wooden step with someone else sitting on my feet and no support for my back, it can fairly be supposed that the spell was potent.

The story makes no concession to convention. It simply recounts twenty-four hours of deep significance spent together by a French actress, making a film in Hiroshima, and a Japanese man. During this period she tells him about her first lacerating love, long ago, for a German soldier in Nevers during the Occupation, and how she was ostracized for collaboration and he died as a result. Now she is happily married and the man, as he tells her, in his halting, charming French, is too. Nevertheless, there is a sudden, complete sympathy and understanding between them; they make love and she finds herself telling him things she has told no one else. The film flashes from the present to the past, from summer in Hiroshima to winter in Nevers; from young love to mature passion; from violence in France to fall-out in Japan. The annihilation of time and space is almost hallucinatory, and the slow, poetic, occasionally over-literary dialogue of Marguerite Duras meanders like a fairy tale. The camera dwells, wide-eyed, on landscape; shifts trickily with the complications of illegal fraternization and the tragedy that follows; returns to Hiroshima to linger, reflectively, upon an old woman's face; hurries distractedly round the streets with the lover.

It is impossible not to feel that in this film one is being given the key to a whole new dimension of expression and consequently of communication. It comes close to bringing abstractions to the screen: the *ideas* of love, compassion, serenity and suffering are what we grasp, not so much their effects. The story is one to be treated "with reserve," as the Continental moral categories go, but the film makes one feel that there is absolutely nothing that the cinema cannot do if a man of sensitive intelligence chooses to make it his tool.

Vitality, originality, integrity, technical brilliance: these are not qualities lightly to be dismissed in any circumstances. Displayed as they are by this group of young directors whose work comes after a long period of disappointment in their national cinema, they appear perhaps even more striking than they might otherwise do. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that anyone who truly loves the cinema must be grateful for this second spring. It has already given us much, and promises more.



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EFFORTS TOWARD REUNION

# Lutherans in Denmark

by BONAVENTURE M. SCHEPERS

IT IS DIFFICULT to find an historical analogue to the ecclesiastical volcano which threatens to erupt in Denmark today. England has her established Church too; and in the past hundred years the visage of this latter communion has been considerably modified under the influence of the Oxford Movement. Yet the distinct doctrinal heritage of the Scandinavian countries, a pure Lutheranism according to the statutes, and the lack of a class of ecclesiastical scholars the like of Newman, Froude and Pusey, make a comparison of the present situation in Denmark with the development in England in the middle of the last century at best only a point of departure.

One may recall at the outset that the adoption of the Lutheran confession of faith in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway in the sixteenth century was not made on the basis of great doctrinal controversy. The change was rather political, made without the violent polemic and bloodshed which characterized the Reformation in areas further south and west. In this corner of the world nationalism and Lutheranism are bound together as nowhere else.

In Denmark today the vast majority of the populace are officially members of this established Church. Danish citizenship and baptism in the Lutheran community are rather like two sides of the same coin. Every new session of parliament is opened with a Solemn Lutheran Mass in the *Vor Frue Kirke,* at Copenhagen, the foundation of which was laid in pre-Reformation times (twelfth century) by Bishop Absalon, and which is now completely dominated by the grandiose but rather effeminate statues of Christ and the Apostles done by the nineteenth century sculptor, Thorvaldsen. Outwardly nothing has changed in this relationship since the establishment itself. But this is not to say that the Church of Denmark has not been subject to inner conflict and evolution.

IN THE LAST one hundred years three distinct trends may be distinguished in Danish church life. First of all, there was the "High Church Movement" of the nineteenth century which, according to one Danish theologian recently converted to the Catholic Faith, "was not really very high-church at all"—a statement whose meaning becomes evident in any discussion of the movement's twentieth century manifestation.

The second sign that something might possibly have been awry in Denmark was the so-called "Sacramental Revival," the adherents of which reacted against a complete separation in liturgy between the Word and the Sacrament. How successful this revival was might be judged by a phenomenon that can be noted in the cathedral of Copenhagen on any Sunday or feast day (the feasts of the Ascension, etc., are still national religious holidays in Denmark): at the end of the sermon (right after the Creed) the majority of the congregation leaves the Church, and a relative handful move up into the sanctuary to participate in the properly eucharistic part of the service.

Finally, the nineteenth century was characterized by the "Inner Mission," a fundamentalist and pietistic movement, one of the concrete results of which was the re-introduction of a type of religious life within the Lutheran community: the deaconesses. Today there are several communities of these religious women, who live a celibate life in common and are consecrated to the corporal works of mercy (the best hospital in Copenhagen is their creation), and who enter this state with the intention of remaining for life.

In the middle of the twentieth century, however, rationalism and devotion to the de-mythologization of R. Bultmann are forces much more important than any of these three tendencies. Genuinely Lutheran theologians such as Regin Prenter, of the University of Aarhus, and K. E. Skydsgaard, of the theological faculty of the University of Copenhagen, recognize these as the chief dangers to the Church of Denmark. At the same moment, however, there enters upon the scene an element that at once completes the picture and imprints a question mark upon the door to the future of the established Church in Denmark: a *new* High Church Movement.

BEFORE considering this movement in itself, it is necessary to note the presence in Denmark of a tiny community of twenty-five thousand Catholics (the population of Denmark is about 4,300,000). This num-

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ber is not truly indicative of the influence of the Church, however. The interest of the Dane who is concerned about religion at all is attracted toward Catholicism in a way that does not correspond to statistics. The recent foundation (1953) of a community of French Dominicans in Copenhagen, for instance, adds a new leaven to Danish intellectual life. These facts are significant in judging the importance of the movement in question.

The origin of the High Church Movement in Denmark—and the phrase has become current again only for about six months—is the group of pastors who call themselves the "Brotherhood of the Oratory." This is a small organization of about one hundred and fifty members, started about thirty years ago by a circle of students in theology at the University of Copenhagen. The purpose of the Oratory is to give the members an opportunity to participate in liturgical prayer (the Eucharist and certain hours of the Divine Office) when assembled in one place (either as university students, or, later, in frequent reunions of pastors where common problems are discussed), and to be bound together in a sort of religious community—although this is in no sense monastic.

When one says that the "Brotherhood" is the origin of the High Church Movement, this does not mean that the entire group has gone in this single direction. In reality it was only three or four member-pastors who some months ago launched a small review, entitled *Re-formatio,* in which they expressed views which have since been the cause of constant discussion in the religious and secular press of Denmark. This publication is almost exclusively concerned with the liturgy of the Eucharist; and it may be said that this is the center of the High Church Movement. Its editors ask that the Danish Church recall the rock from which it is hewn—they mean Luther and his first disciples—and in this connection to pose the questions of whether there is not a sacrificial aspect to the eucharistic meal and whether the reservation of the Sacred Species is not a logical consequence of the Real Presence and one which was not denied by the first Reformers (no attempt is made here to make a judgment on the doctrine of Luther in this matter).

Two remarks are necessary as a preliminary to a wider evaluation of the Danish High Church Movement: (1) its concerns are uniquely the pastoral liturgy of the Lutheran Church. Therefore, the movement does not have nearly the breadth of its Oxford "counterpart." (2) Even though the number of those involved in the movement is not great, its influence is considerable—and this because so many Danish people see the movement as a definite *rapprochement* with the Church of Rome. The *presence* of the Catholic Church in Denmark is significantly underlined by the High Church Movement.

Here one should prefer to make the conclusion wider than the premises, not in any illogical sense, but because the existence of a High Church Movement in *any* Protestant community has a definite ecumenical significance. It is evident, I think, that "High Church" and "Romanism" are terms that are sometimes interchangeable. This is to say that certain members of Christian confessions that have retained a Eucharistic service outwardly modelled after the Mass in the Catholic Church would like to go "all the way": adopt the vestments of the Church, the rubrics of the Mass, the Eucharistic fast, etc., etc. Here, from the Catholic point of view, a High Church Movement is not extremely interesting. In a time when liturgical reform is going on in the Catholic Church itself we are not too interested merely in seeing our separated brethren adopting rites identical with our own, for it is the essence of the liturgy that counts and not these accidental forms.

WHAT, THEN, is the function of a High Church tendency in the ecumenical movement outside the Catholic Church? First of all, when it is a case, as it seems to be in Denmark at the present time, of a *theological* re-evaluation of the position of the Reformers of the sixteenth century, the Catholic theologian is very much interested. He recognizes that the question of the nature of the Eucharistic sacrifice and sacrament is paramount to the ecumenical dialogue, that here there is room for hope and encouragement. He should be ready to enter into this discussion and to help our separated brethren find the answer to the question that they have posed for themselves, often without any help from the Catholic side. (Here one might remark incidentally that the very asking of the question is more often the result of mutual contacts of Protestant theologians in such organizations as the World Council of Churches. One thinks, for example, of the examination of the theme "inter-communion" at the 1952 meeting of the Faith and Order group in Lund, Sweden.)

Secondly, the question of the nature of the Eucharist leads quite naturally to another question: the nature of the sacerdotal ministry in the Christian community and, in particular, the function of the bishop in regard to his flock. Here again the High Church Movement, in Denmark or anywhere else in the world, has an important role to play.

One might justly say that up to now the malady of all Protestant communities, even those that have retained an episcopal form of ecclesiastical constitution (bereft of an authentic apostolic succession), has been the loss of the sense of the solidarity of the Christian community with its bishop, who is at once the personification of the community and its spokesman. This is true both in the sphere of *magisterium,* where the



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Protestant bishop cannot claim to exercise a definitive role, for he is at best just another theologian, and also in the sphere of the sacramental life of the Protestant communion. He acts no longer *in* the community and *for* the community, on the basis of his place in an apostolic succession that has its origin in Christ and the Apostles.

The significance, therefore, of the High Church Movement might ultimately be interpreted as the rediscovery of this natural link between the Eucharistic communion and the communion of the pastor and his flock, the intuition that the apostolic ministry is at once the *sign* of the "ecclesiastical communion" of which St. Thomas speaks as the *res sacramenti,* the ultimate reality of the sacrament of the Eucharist—in other words, the fraternal love of Christians bound together visibly by sings that are effective—and also the sacramental *cause* of this union, in virtue of his apostolic powers.

It is still early, and who can say what influence such a study and inquiry will have upon the non-Catholic ecumenical movement in general? All we know is that "the Spirit breathes where He will and you knot not whence He comes or whither He goes."

# Three Poems

## TOUR. IN RAIN

No weather can unbrother brothers. Rain
was putting signature on street and town.
Over the route that waves us otherwise
apart I came to you, drawn by the late
rain. My eyes called out and were answered:
the wet cement cried back your body inch
by inch, distorted in the sickly yel-
low flow of lamps on corners like a faith;
and I was quick to feel the terrible
unholding of your manhood in an hour
or night which gave the emptiness its power.
I wept, not as a man weeps for what is lost,
rather for what is hardly found on the
dull and sudden ground.

I followed, and
imagined fallow land, the desert place
you said you would not die in, or the dry
white wine a priest will trickle on his fast.
But you were given to the rain that night
and could not hear a footstep crackle sharp
as Mass wheat and yet falling on your street.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

## ELEGY

The mother answered, "It is true. I know.

This ancient apple-tree is past bearing
but it blooms in my mind. I shall not let
them cut it down. Its yield in love preserves
incalculable sweets, the apple years.

It is two-thirds memory, holding the spring-
time nests, the song. And I am old, feeding
birds in the barren branches where the cats
prey fruitlessly among the stirring shadows.

Sometimes my son returns to muse among
the boughs. I've seen him look up absently
and mark two old grey branches with his eyes
reverent against the day of the uprooting.

Some thought of his lives in this apple-tree;
a poetry of the past that is his only.
For though he is young we become in our
different ways lonely, keeping what we can.

Here the duress of dying eases for
me. The strain of age is buttressed by this
beautiful structure of what has been. It
leans in the yard, my dark-leaved apple-tree."

SISTER AGNES, C. S. J.

## DRIFT

By their oceans tortured
continents heave
in a halfdark which we inhabit
who cannot touch the shadow
of our own coast inside,
as do ships bearing
tempests to shore.
This worse interior sea
crazes the compass logic
and wears the cable thin
that holds us common.
Panic is shipwreck—
without a port to rock in
to unload the sighing flesh
who go on riding
continents for islands
toward the night we founder.

ALFREDO DE PALCHI,
Trans. by Sonia Raiziss.



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# FEDERAL INTELLECTUAL LIFE

THE NATIONAL Defense and Education Act of 1958 is in effect now, introducing to the states and selected schools, high and low, an increased federal support of education. But all the machinery is not yet geared into a routine procedure. The law is permissive and not mandatory: it does not use the Army but rather Payola to achieve its ends. The law is under attack and meeting objections and rejections on many fronts, and the dust has not anywhere nearly settled.

It will be recalled that the Education Act was a "Sputnik law," but its effects last longer than missile hysteria. Opposition now grows against its major intention to throw American education more radically into the field of defense, interpreted by Congress to be the studies of science, mathematics, engineering and modern foreign languages. The longer the view taken, the more arbitrary and culturally crippling this disproportionate emphasis appears to be.

This over-all emphasis seems obviously an exercise of "direction, supervision or control" by the national government. In detail, throughout its tedious length, the law lines up federal rules and regulations and stimuli governing the means and methods of conducting a school and of teaching. Section 303 offers a good summary. States are to submit plans (specifically demanded), and programs (separately demanded), and projects (separately and specifically demanded) for: "(A) acquisition of laboratory and other special equipment, including audio-visual material and equipment and printed material (other than textbooks), suitable for use in providing education in science, mathematics, or modern language, in public elementary or secondary schools, or both, and (B) minor remodeling of laboratory or other space used for such materials or equipment."

This brief section includes: (a) further tax penalization of parochial and other non-state schools; (b) 100 per cent stress on what has been selected as "war" studies; (c) probably effective demand for a wonderful lot of conferences, discussions, studies, memos, trips, bull sessions, politicking and mink coats leading to the innumerable plans, programs, projects; (d) full control by the Federal Commissioner of Education exercised by his determination of what is "suitable"; (e) an outlawry of textbooks and fostering of the post-literacy techniques of "educationalism."

This radical distrust of books is notable throughout the Education Act. Baskets of money are offered for advanced training "particularly in the use of new teaching methods and instructional material . . . to conduct, assist and foster research and experimentation in the development and evaluation of projects involving television, radio, motion pictures and related media. . . ." Then the commissioner is directed (Section 731) to "make studies and surveys to determine the need for increased or improved utilization of television, radio, motion pictures, and related media. . . ."

Barry Goldwater, Senator from Arizona, took caustic note of this in his debate back home, supporting the Governor's policy of non-cooperation: "We set up the program and then decide we will have a little research to determine the need—and researchers always find a need for their pet projects."

A heavy weight of words and appropriations is directed not at learning at all, but at "testing" and at increased "counseling and guidance," which are functions, naturally, of the impressarios—the educationist bureaucracy—and not of teachers and students. Senator Goldwater explains, "You see, the program will control the selection of the recipients, and then direct these recipients throughout their academic experience."

In almost any conception of a good society, the intellect is honored, learning is respected, and teachers are revered. But teachers are not discovered by the budget they control and the patronage they dispense, nor by the ingenious and entertaining gadgets they can work. Teachers are learned, and teachers teach. They are immersed in the content of the fields of study in which they live. They find and test from where and how the facts and the hypotheses and theories emerge, what are their relationships and bounds of relevance, and what historical circumstances are required to see and know them. They know the persons who were the master influences in their fields down through the centuries, and learn what experience and disposition of the mind can yield knowledge relevant to their subject. The learned teacher is equipped for his work with hard won tools of concentration, observation, memory, logic and integrity, and, at best, also with powers of exposition and rhetoric. For the student, they inculcate the tools of learning and transmit the fund of knowledge. They guide students to perform, so far as they go, the same functions as the teacher, so that the pupil possesses his knowledge in the same, human manner as the master, with an additional opportunity to add to the sum.

The Act of 1958 does little to promote this education or these teachers. It pushes further aside and further overwhelms the people and the concepts most deeply devoted to the education of new generations and to the well rounded, positively maintained intellectual life of the country. PHILIP BURNHAM.



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# THE SCREEN

## TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN

IT WASN'T the best cinema year or the worst, but thank goodness for the good foreign films that helped to spruce up American screens. I find in listing my "best ten" (for it's come to that time of year again when the reviewer is allowed to be as arbitrary and personal as he likes but still reveres "ten" as a magic number) that only five of my choices are American films, and even several of these were made abroad. More and more Hollywood movies are being made abroad—which may or may not, in the long run, be a good thing—but in any case film making today, with its international mixture of actors, writers, directors, producers and technicians, is becoming less national and more universal. Indications are that this trend for various reasons (some economic, some artistic) will continue. But let's look at 1959. These are the films I liked best. Except for the first one, about which I am most enthusiastic, they are not arranged in order of preference.

*Wild Strawberries.* This is my favorite of director-writer Ingmar Bergman's stimulating films. Through an imaginative use of cinema in mixing dream and reverie with the present, Bergman tells the story of an elderly man (magnificently played by Victor Sjostrom) who discovers himself, doesn't like what he sees, and is reborn. This picture, as well as "The Magician," another of Bergman's beautifully-photographed films released here in 1959, provokes the viewer into looking at himself and reviewing his relations with the people around him.

*The Nun's Story.* Kathryn Hulme's story of a nun who tried and failed made into a moving and intensely sincere film, thanks to Henry Blanke's handsome production, Fred Zinnemann's first-rate direction and a good cast headed by Audrey Hepburn and supported by such distinguished actresses as Edith Evans, Mildred Dunnock, Peggy Ashcroft.

*Ben-Hur.* A literate script written from Lew Wallace's tale, a good cast headed by Charlton Heston and effectively directed by William Wyler, some beautiful color photography and a rip-roaring chariot race contribute to making this year's best spectacle—perhaps the best spectacle of all times.

*The Roof.* Once again producer-director Vittorio De Sica and scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini combine their efforts in another bit of heart-breaking and heart-warming neo-realism, this time about a newly-married young couple who strive, in crowded Rome, for dignity and a roof over their heads.

*The Diary of Anne Frank.* Although newcomer Millie Perkins isn't quite Anne Frank, producer-director George Stevens has succeeded in conveying the struggle for life and dignity as well as the suffering and fear through which a group of people went in an attic in Nazi-occupied Amsterdam. Joseph Schildkraut's superb performance and Stevens' attention to detail add much to the visualization of this inspiring diary.

*Power Among Men.* A truly international film, this documentary, made by Thorold Dickinson and J. C. Sheers for the United Nations, concerns man's will to grow and survive in spite of wars and the threat of atomic annihilation. This film deserves much more attention than it has been getting and should perhaps be required seeing for all moviegoers who take seriously Stanley Kramer's frightening version of the end of the world in "On the Beach."

*Room at the Top.* England's contribution to the beat and angry themes which are prevalent today deserves serious consideration not only because of its ideas but also because this presentation is expertly acted by an outstanding cast headed by Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. John Braine's novel has been made into powerful cinema.

*Aparajito—The Unvanquished.* Part II of the long film which director-writer Satyajit Ray is making about his native Indians has a universal peace and quiet that few movies achieve and manages with its touching story of a boy's growth into young manhood to illustrate with great effect that people in spite of different clothes and mores have pretty much the same problems everywhere.

*Suddenly, Last Summer.* In spite of its esoteric and somewhat shocking subject matter, Sam Spiegel's production and Joseph L. Mankiewicz' direction of this movie made from Tennessee Williams' play merit the consideration of audiences who take their movies seriously. As a study in evil, the film is thoughtful and appalling, and gives Katharine Hepburn and Elizabeth Taylor opportunity to do their best acting.

*Pillow Talk.* Doris Day and Rock Hudson, capably assisted by Tony Randall and Thelma Ritter, sparkle in this light comedy that is funniest of the year's many tries.

And that was 1959. Everyone will have his own list of course, but that's what makes for conversation—and variety in movies. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# THE STAGE

## PRIVATE FACES AND PUBLIC PLACES

THE ENDURING history of musical comedy Mr. Virgil Thomson once remarked to be properly an aspect of the interior emotional life of each man and women; yet it is an irony of the charm-



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# A MESSAGE TO CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

***A Proposal for Realizing Christian Solidarity***

**by OSCAR CULLMANN**

The distinguished professor of Basel University, Switzerland, evaluates the contemporary relationship between Catholics and Protestants and proposes that by emulating the "symbol of unity" practiced by the Apostle Paul and the early Christian Church we can do something to diminish the scandal of our separation.

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# MARIA ANGELICA

***(Excerpt from a missionary's letter)***

**"Maria Angelica is twelve. For a long time her mother knew the little girl had leprosy but she tried to keep it hidden, in horror of the day her daughter would be sent to the public leprosy camp.**

**"Last September neighbors insisted Maria be sent away. But because the leprosy camp is dreaded by all, Father X arranged to have the child enter the poor little leprosy colony we conduct here for Bishop Y.**

**"Maria screamed with terror when she first met the other victims of leprosy here. Actually they've been kindness itself to her. They remember what it was like for themselves in the beginning, before they found out that leprosy is curable . . ."**

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ing "Fiorello" that its private echoes should seem so vagrant, and its public tones so secure and inspiriting. In this, of course, it is at one with much testimony of the popular arts—I maundered lately through stretches of Mr. Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent,* baffled to see how so rudimentary a sense of human complexity could exist in concert with such ramified awareness of power—and it would be excessive to claim for this chronicle of a personality, a place and a time any notable singularity of form or expression. It is, at its best, the triumph of the professional, celebrated with no vulgar preening or exhibitionistic luxury, but certain in the knowledge of its genuine impulse.

Such decisive honesty—an assurance of identity, really—has become so rare in our made-up, meretricious, "other-directed" theater, that its presence in "Fiorello" is conspicuously tonic. It releases the players, most of whom are untarnished by public images of themselves, into a *specific* gaiety and zest wholly endearing. It makes possible, I do not doubt, the inventive pleasures of Mr. Peter Gennaro's choreography, three instances of which—the Hasidic dance developed out of stray gestures at an election rally; the sumptuously brassy twenties parody; and, in rose time, shall we say, an exquisitely nostalgic waltz—are superb improvisations in movement. And it affords Mr. George Abbott a field for that unfailing theatrical judgment of his, that equity of discrimination which never allows a moment or motif to live beyond its natural span, to clog with undigested feeling or dwindle into the insignificance Talleyrand thought to be the fate of everything exaggerated.

What I missed in "Fiorello"—apart from any authority of personal sensibility—was only, though tellingly, real distinction of voice. And I wondered, remembering the shiver of grandeur Miss Patricia Neway is able to invoke with the muscular mulligatawny of *Climb Every Mountain* in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein *festa,* whether the age of the *diseur* has not perhaps run the natural course of its novelty, and we might feel free again to hope, in musical comedy, for some authentic beauty of sound? *(At the Broadhurst.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

# OF NOTE

## GOD IN THE WORLD TODAY

IN THE December issue of *Worship* (Collegeville, Minn. $4.), Mary Perkins Ryan considers some of the ideas in Father Hans Urs von Balthasar's *Science, Religion and Christianity.* A substantial excerpt from her article is presented below.

What are the potentialities in modern man's new



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awareness of other men and his solidarity with them as strangers together in a strange universe?

The very fact that man feels so isolated in the universe means that personal "meeting" between human beings is becoming increasingly important in thought and life. This reality which philosophers and highbrows call the "I-Thou relationship," "dialogue," "encounter" is experienced by men of all degrees of culture, in all occupations, as the most important and vital fact of daily life and work.

But the other aspect of this modern search for "communication" and "togetherness" is the realization of its futility. Like people forced to live together too intimately in an overcrowded apartment, men today are becoming annoyed, disgusted with one another and with themselves. Sartre said explicitly that "hell is other people"—but how many ordinary men and women feel much the same thing fairly frequently?

Where are the "preparations for the Gospel" in this ambivalent attitude? We can certainly recognize in the modern search for communication and unity the effect —even though in many ways distorted—of the leaven of nineteen centuries of Christianity. The Church has been telling men for centuries the priceless value of each human person; she has been telling them that they are all brothers.

We Catholics are, then, bound in a special way to prepare ourselves for true "encounter" with others. We are bound to foster the conditions and the mentality which would do away with obstacles to the true meeting of persons in the situations of daily life, and would foster such meeting.

Pastors, educators, parents—we all need to take a good look at what we are doing to see how and to what extent our efforts at "social adjustment" and at "getting people together" are ordered to true personal "encounter"—and how much to its avoidance in a busy, superficial "togetherness."

The temptation we Catholics often yield to in facing modern man's disillusionment and disgust with human nature and society is to say: "We told you that you would feel this way if you left God out."

This is, of course, no answer. Every life story by a man or woman who reached the depths of disillusionment with life and mankind and who has returned to faith in other people and even in God, shows that it was the love of another person who somehow had *more than himself* to give in his devotedness that really reached the outcast and gave him courage and motive to return to human living.

The only Christian solution to this aspect of today's mentality is, humbly and patiently, to show other people in our encounters with them that we Christians have more than ourselves to bring to such "meeting," and that it is this Presence which makes human encounter meaningful.

And here again—how much of current teaching of religion, how much "vocational guidance," how much our ingrown ways of thinking need to be revitalized by the Spirit if we are to help children, young people, parishioners to recognize this tremendous possibility and their responsibility toward it.

Here we come to the attitude of modern men toward God—or toward the possibility of God. The very fact that they are realizing the supreme value of human "encounter" and are seeking in it something beyond what human beings can give one another, means that they are "open" to the possibility that God exists and might communicate Himself.

As in every age, men are reaching out to the Absolute—but in our age, it is truly the Absolute that they are looking or hoping for. In today's situation, no God Who seems in any way made up to suit human convenience can seem real.

This fact, that God can no longer be imagined as part of a cosmic whole, can prove a purifying rather than a destructive force. For it gives men a new opportunity to be "open" to the true God, who, as the Vatican Council stated, "is above all that exists or can be conceived."

The fact that God is no longer "tied in" with daily life and social procedure means that it is becoming less and less possible for any individual to be "religious" by accident of custom, general social pattern, etc.

More and more, each of us must unequivocally answer "Yes" or "No" to God in the depths of our hearts, must commit ourselves completely to him and His call —or refuse.

Men of our times—as Fr. Balthasar shows and one's own experience amply bears out—are so aware of the Absoluteness of God—if He exists—that they are silent, shy, in the face of such a possibility. They have so strong a sense of how complete their commitment would have to be to such a God, that they are not to be won over to any half-measures, any religiosity.

We Catholics can certainly enter into and rejoice in this special potentiality of our times—this new realization of the Absolute.

We can take it as a purifying and wholesome reminder of the whole side of our religion so largely neglected in the West in recent times: the *via negativa* of the Fathers, St. Thomas, St. John of the Cross, the unthinkable majesty of the Most High proclaimed in the Old Testament and the New, continually celebrated in the liturgy. For the wonders of God's love shown us in the "economy" of the Redemption can only be rightly appreciated against the "golden background" of "theology"—what God is in Himself.

And we can learn from the silence and shyness of modern man something of what our own inner solitude and silence should be, so that we may truly "meet" God in prayer, in the word and sacraments of the



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Church. In such awe and stillness, we can let ourselves be permeated with the Spirit of God; we can enter into the silent obedience of Christ, even to the Cross.

This is the only way in which we can meet the negative aspect of modern man's attitude to God—the real hatred of even the possibility of God as being somehow responsible for the "human situation," which is expressed intellectually by existentialists, and in life and action by how many hundreds of thousands of ordinary people.

If we open ourselves to the Spirit of love given us in the Church, we will be ready, according to our vocation, to go with Christ even into the outer darkness of separation from God, to bring His life and victory, however little we may feel we are doing so, to those who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

There is no need to blueprint what the effects would be in American Catholic life of such a renewed realization of the absoluteness of God, and of the utter awe, trust and self-commitment which are the only possible preparation for, and response to, the revelation of His love in Jesus Christ.

One has only to look through some of the religion texts in use in Catholic schools or to listen to some sermons or "missions" to see how, in well-meant zeal to explain the truths of the faith and to make the Christian life understandable, the authors have made their own some of the cheapest and least desirable aspects of current mentality, and even made religion "irreligious" in the profoundest sense.

The wonders of God's love, detached from the sense of His infinite "otherness"—so far beyond ordinary other-personal "otherness"—have come to be treated as utilitarian "means" to keep people good and happy on earth and to get their souls safely to heaven. God's self-revelation and self-giving in Christ has come to be presented as a collection of little items of information to be insinuated or forced into children's heads by all the "visual aids" and the like that modern ingenuity can devise.

And we have only, alas, to attend all too many Catholic services, including the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, to realize how difficult we often make it, simply by the way we do things, for a sincere non-Catholic to find the God He is seeking in the Church of His Son.

And have we "liturgists" not still much to learn here? Do we not occasionally yield to the temptation to equate participation in the worship which the Bride of Christ, that unique and transcendent community made up of persons acting in the full activity of their Christ-ened personalities, offers to the Father in Spirit and in Truth—to equate participation in this worship with the "social activity" that every well-adjusted person owes to the community?

Do we not sometimes speak as if "social worship" were a kind of spiritual equivalent to the program of the Democratic party, while "individualists" are scorned for their old-fashioned selfish, uncooperative spiritual Republicanism?

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**BOOKS**

# Monotony Against an Exotic Background

**S.O.P.H.I.A. By Pierre Boulle. Vanguard. $3.95.**

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

THE SOCIETY for the Overseas Promotion of Horticulture, Industry, and Agriculture provides glamorous initials for an unglamorous enterprise, and appropriate irony for an author with a passion for mounting pedestrian foregrounds against exotic backgrounds. Here is Malaya in all its prose. It may still be exotic in travel folders, but to the people Pierre Boulle is writing about the entire Orient can be evoked in two words—rubber plantation.

Sophia is a French company with English as well as French planters and overseers; the labor force is Tamil and Chinese; native personnel cannot rise above the rank of clerk. We are shown Sophia in all its metempsychoses chiefly through the eyes of the young French planter, Maille, who arrives in the mid-1930's at a time when the exploitation work, begun in a pioneer spirit before World War I, has ceased to be adventurous. He starts out well, but discipline is rigid and reward incommensurate; progress is slow and it is possible only within an administrative machine which thwarts personal initiative at every turn.

Maille's disillusionment is crystallized by the example of his closest colleague, Dassier. In his pursuit of a successful career, despite the handicap of an early "disgrace," Dassier had complied with the Agency's every demand for personal sacrifice, a compliance which works against his marriage. His hapless wife, Germaine, turns to Maille, and together they have a brief fling at rebellion. Meanwhile, on the eve of war, Chaulette, the ebullient Managing Director and eternal bureaucrat—and a comic opera caricature—is busy rewriting Sophia's *General Instructions* to bring the outfit into conformity with his vision of a completely autonomous, self-perpetuating organization which already anticipates the postwar epoch of the Organization Man.

Since his *Bridge Over the River Kwai,* not a year has passed without the appearance here of at least one novel by Pierre Boulle; he is now probably the most regularly translated Continental novelist of the middle generation. (By way of note,



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the present translation, an exceptionally good one, is not credited.) He is more prolific than versatile; but he is an alert exponent of the novel of ideas. His work is marked by a deadpan irony and an engaging matter-of-factness always to be closely distinguished from realism. He is never chary of wrestling dramatically with malignant social growths in their most universal ramifications.

Boulle is not a "pure" writer, but he is a clean one—as to matter, as to means, as to disposition. (Any one of our own most "significant" factual fictionists in an equatorial locale will inevitably produce a scatological nightmare.) And he is a clear writer; at all times we know, as does he, precisely what he is driving at. So, alas, do his characters. In many places he can be found quoting them quoting him word for word.

Indeed, such is Boulle's mastery of the fine point that reviewing his novels is something like summarizing a summary. They never realize their dramatic potential, brilliantly aware of this potential though their author is, because he has a sense of but no touch for character. One feels that it is, after all, the organization and not the man that intrigues him.

## Novel About the Occupation

**GENERATION WITHOUT FAREWELL. By Kay Boyle. Knopf. $3.95.**

By MAX COSMAN

EMPLOYING such devices as symbolism and the italicized inner monologue, Kay Boyle's *Generation Without Farewell* is a novel about our occupation forces in Germany in the year 1948. More specifically, it is the story of Colonel Roberts, commander of a post at Fahrbach, Hesse, and of those immediately about him.

First among the Germans is Herr Jaeger, one-time prisoner of war in America. Returned to Fahrbach as a journalist—the town has a newspaper called the *Fahrbach Press*—he could be called a collaborator, were it not that he is an incorruptible individual, an idealist. Inevitably he finds himself in the ambivalent position of serving erstwhile captors and, though he does not admit it to his consciousness at the start, wishing his countrymen well. Their lot after all is his too.

Then there is Christoph, young groom to the town's famous Lipizzaner horses. Less realized than Jaeger, he is impressive, nevertheless, for he is a ballad character with the haunting charm of his kind. His death by bulbar polio sums up the pathos of all youth stricken inexplicably. The bringing of an iron lung to him in the last hours is one of the set pieces of the book.

The Knaus no doubt were a problem for Miss Boyle. Taken at face value they are Germans of old stock, solid and dignified in their context of "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott!" Truth told, however, it is precisely forester Knau the head of the house who is middleman in the countryside's black market. That he is thus as pitiful a casualty of war as any of his fellow Germans does not of course lessen his guilt. Talking of men spoiled by hostilities, one must not forget Miss Boyle's account of the blind soldier on his way to marriage or that of the ex-Afrika Korps men, torsos strapped to wooden platforms, begging in concert. It is hard to tell which is the more terrifying: these customary sights or the uncommon one of a man exhumed alive from an air raid shelter in which he has been buried for four years.

Against her Germans Miss Boyle poses a group of Americans, presumably representative. Colonel Roberts is the military type. He is brusque, feral, content with the hierarchy of command and obedience established for his profession. Unfortunately for him, this set-up appeals neither to his wife Catherine nor to his daughter Milly. Both respectively oppose everything he stands for. Milly gives herself to


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***By Justus George Lawler***

After surveying the work of the past two decades, the author discusses such religious roots of our educational situation as monistic spirituality, pious pragmatism, the abuse of obedience, etc. Succeeding chapters are devoted to: the role of the layman, not vis-a-vis the religious, but in the light of his own intellectual mission; a personalistic educational method; a defense of the Catholic college or university as a unique, and, therefore, necessary agency in American society.

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Christoph and Catherine falls in love with Jaeger. In a sense, only the German's inescapable dedication to his people prevents the latter affair from going further.

As for Lieutenant Stephany, weakling; Honerkamp, the generous director of the American House; Dardanella, PX manager turned black-marketeer; and Overstreet, intelligence operator right out of Graham Greene's quiet Americans—they help severally to stage climactic scenes like the boar hunt at Ober-Pastau.

But if Miss Boyle's subject and narrative deserve praise, her presentation, certainly in part, does not. She may have gotten over the "feminized Hemingway" idiom that once annoyed Edmund Wilson no end, but she has fallen into something just as censurable. Over and again she writes like this: "his mouth closed on the soft, moaning music of her mouth"; "Catherine Roberts stood close beside him, her face turned from him, but her hair like a dark fire burning near his heart"; "the damp of the rain had burnished her hair to copper, and she seemed then more beautiful than any woman man had dreamed of, purer, more delicately colored, than Botticelli's Venus, but fashioned and destined for man's single purpose like Cranach's Eve." It is as if our author has become too enamored of the lyric impulse to care if she withdraws from the actual and gives up sentiment for sentimentality.

Even so, *Generation Without Farewell* is not unengaging. Within its limits it does bear witness to the complexity of human relationships. But what is perhaps more germane to our increasing concern with the affairs of the world, it puts a light, a much-needed light, on the way our nationals are affecting others.

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## Decisive Battle

**THE ARMADA. By Garrett Mattingly. Houghton Mifflin. $6.**

By ANTHONY BAILEY

PROFESSOR Mattingly's book on the Spanish Armada is an incisive study of Europe in the late sixteenth century. It is a masterful work, combining scholarship, style and a type of historical imagination that is very rare today: an imagination (without suggesting that the author is ruled by anything but the facts), that might perhaps be called novelistic. The facts are indeed here, and Professor Mattingly has dug in many archives for them, but he has remembered—what some historians discount—that human beings are also "facts of history," and that whatever the march of progress and the long pattern of events the role of people is paramount.

Here, too, in the first days of the nation state, the identification between a state and its ruler was nearly exact, and more than high style allows Professor Mattingly to call Philip II simply "Spain," or Sixtus V, "Rome." *The Armada,* at any event, is very much a study in personalities: Mary, Queen of Scots; Elizabeth of England; Mendoza, Philip's ambassador in Paris; Philip himself; his admirals, Santa Cruz and Medina Sidonia; the three Henries of France: Henry of Valois, the King, Henry of Navarre, his Huguenot heir, and Henry of Guise, agent of Philip, the Catholic League, and his own glory; Sixtus, the Pope, who was prepared to reinvest in Spain to the tune of one million ducats the moment Spanish soldiers set foot on English soil; the Duke of Parma, who was trying to subdue the Low Countries and prepare those soldiers for a Channel crossing; and then, on the north side of La Manche, Walsingham and Burghley, Howard and Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake.

It is one of the merits of this book that Francis Drake, who has alone received star-billing in every previous account of the Armada, receives from Professor Mattingly a strictly impartial, but nevertheless lifegiving treatment. The Scourge of Spain is far less of the schoolboy's hero, far more of the complex man: egoist, great seaman, and rogue.

Although this is history in the grand manner, brilliantly told, the tangled web of European affairs in 1588 is marvelously unravelled and made clear. It is narrative history, perhaps, but not on that account any the less analytical. On the contrary, Professor Mattingly skips from court to court, country to country, battlefield to battlefield, describing the doings of the major actors in the plot, but never losing sight of the dénouement to which all this tended: Philip's Enterprise against England.

It is made clear, indeed, though all sorts of obstacles were put in his way, Philip never forgot it. For one thing, even had his own concern not been strong, too many people reminded him of it. Mendoza in Paris had been expelled from the English court and was interested in personal vengeance as well as in the triumph of the faith. Dr. William Allen in Rome, who would be a



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Cardinal if Parma landed, was forever writing to Madrid. The Pope's million ducats hung before Philip's nose.

Drake too was reminding him, sinking the Cadiz fleet, and burning a cargo of barrel staves which was intended for the Armada. And then, one day off the Azores, Drake captured the ship for which Philip was waiting: this was the *San Felipe,* whose value turned out to be nearly a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, and those were days when it cost all of forty thousand pounds to put an army in the field.

After all this excitement, the Armada itself proved something of an anticlimax, although at the time the people watching it hardly thought so. The two camps of Europe, Catholic and Protestant, both considered their fate to depend on its success or failure. They couldn't be expected to know that Parma, without conquering Holland, could never command the treacherous and (as far as deep ships were concerned) harborless shore facing England, and thus couldn't prevent the English and Dutch fleets from pinning him and his army to that shore. Medina Sidonia himself, the Captain General of Spain, did not know this.

Strictly speaking, a rendezvous between Parma's army in its flatboats and the ships of the Armada was impossible, whatever happened between the English and Spanish fleets, unless Parma obtained shallow-draft vessels with which to destroy the Dutch flyboats of Justin of Nassau that controlled the Flemish coast. It was an anti-climax too, for both the English and the Spanish: the former, possessing more ships, that were faster and more maneuverable and had better, longer-ranged guns, nevertheless found it impossible to break the Spanish formation.

Professor Mattingly has been a sailor, which perhaps accounts for the splendid authenticity of his description of that long, running battle; as a historian, he has looked into the states of the tides, the direction of the winds, and the range and caliber of the guns on both sides. It is a thoroughly exciting tale, and his conclusions seem sound. The defeat of the Armada, he suggests, was a Decisive Battle, but it did not decide the war between England and Spain. That dragged on inconclusively for many years, with the Spanish fleet growing and getting a little stronger all the time.

If Howard had lost, and Parma had by chance got his men over to England, the Counter-Reformation might have won out in Europe. As it happened, this was unlikely: neither the Protestant nor the Catholic coalition had the unity or force to destroy the other. The real outcome was to reinforce the notion of the northern Protestants that God was on their side, and to sustain the notion of the Catholics of France, Italy, and Germany that Spain was not after all God's chosen champion. The Hapsburgs were not to be all-dominant in Europe; the nation states were to be able to emerge.

One might cavil with one small point. Professor Mattingly is disinclined to believe that there was any connection between the defeat of the Armada and the literary upsurge that marked the last years of Elizabeth's reign. From the Spanish coast, after the raid on Cadiz, Drake wrote to Walsingham: "I assure your honour the like preparation was never heard of nor known as the King of Spain hath and daily maketh to invade England . . . which if they be not impeached before they join will be very perilous . . . This service, which by God's sufferance we have done will breed some alterations . . . (but) Prepare in England strongly and most by sea!" Drake's syntax was lacking, but that spirit and that tone found immediate echoes in the work of other, more literary men.

## REVIEWERS

**William Dunlea is a free-lance writer who makes his home in New York.**

**Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to critical and scholarly journals.**

**Anthony Bailey, who is on the staff of the *New Yorker* magazine, is himself a novelist and critic.**


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